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THE CHOLERA.

How to Control or Prevent it.

The following letter from Dr. Hamlin, for many years a missionary at Constantinople, and whose experience in treating cholera extended through three visitations of that disease in Turkey, may be advantageously read at present:

DEAR SIR: The cholera, which has just left us, after committing fearful ravages, is making its way into Europe, and will probably cross the Atlantic before another season has passed.

Having been providentially compelled to have a good deal of practical acquaintance with it, and to see it in all its forms and stages during each of its visitations of Constantinople, I wish to make my friends in Maine some suggestions which may relieve anxiety or be of practical use.

1. On the approach of cholera, every family should be prepared to treat it without waiting for a physician. It does its work so expeditiously that, while you are waiting for the doctor, it is done.

2. If you prepare for it, it will not come. I think there is no disease which may be avoided with so much certainty as the cholera. But providential circumstances, or the thoughtless indiscretions of some member of a household, may invite the attack, and the challenge will never be refused. It will probably be made in the night, your physician has been called in another direction, and you must treat the case yourself or it will be fatal.

CAUSE AND SYMPTOMS.

3. Cause of attack.—I have personally investigated at least a hundred cases, and not less than three-fourths could be traced directly to improper diet, or to intoxicating drinks, or to both united. Of the remainder, suppressed perspiration would comprise a large number. A strong healthy, temperate laboring man had a severe attack of cholera, and after the danger was past, I was curious to ascertain the cause. He had been cautious and prudent in his diet. He used nothing intoxicating. His residence was in a good locality. But after some hours of hard labor and very profuse perspiration he had laid down to take his customary nap, right against an open window, through which a very refreshing breeze was blowing. Another cause is drinking freely of cold water when hot and thirsty. Great fatigue, great anxiety, fright, fear, all figure among inciting causes. If one can avoid all these he is as safe from the cholera as from being swept away by a comet.

Symptoms of attack.—While cholera is prevalent in a place, almost every one experiences more or less disturbance of digestion. It is doubtless in part inflammatory. Every one notices the slightest variation of feeling, and this gives importance to mere trifles. There are often a night, nausea, or transient pains, or rumbling sounds, when no attack follows. No one is entirely free from these. But when diarrhoea commences, though painless and slight, it is in reality the skirmishing party of the advancing column. It will have at first no single character of Asiatic Cholera. But do not be deceived. It is the cholera nevertheless. Wait a little, give it time to get hold, and say to yourself, "I feel perfectly well, it will soon pass off," and in a short time you will regret your folly in vain. I have known many a one to commit suicide in this way.

Sometimes, though rarely, the attack commences by vomiting. But in whatever way it commences, it is sure to hold on. In a very few hours the patient may sink into the collapse. The hands and feet become cold and purplish, the countenance at first nervous and anxious, becomes gloomy and pathetic, although a mental restlessness and raging thirst, torments the sufferer, while the powers of resistance fall away; the intellect remains clear but all the social and moral feelings seem wonderfully to collapse with the physical powers. The patient knows he is to die, but cares not a snap about it.

In some cases, though rarely, the diarrhoea continues for a day or two, and the sufferer keeps about, then suddenly sinks, sends for a physician, and before he arrives "dies as the fool dieth."

COURSE OF TREATMENT.

1. For stopping the incipient diarrhoea.—The salutarie which I used in 1848 with great success, and again in 1855, has during the epidemic been used by thousands, and although the attacks have been more sudden and violent, it has fully established its reputation for efficiency and perfect safety. It consists of equal parts, by measure, of laudanum and spirits of camphor, with tincture of

rhubarb. Thirty drops for an adult, on a lump of sugar, will often break the diarrhoea. But to prevent its return, care should always be taken to continue the medicine every four hours in diminishing doses—twenty-five, fifteen, ten, nine—when careful diet is all that will be needed.

In case the first dose does not stop the diarrhoea, continue to give increasing doses—thirty-five, forty, forty-five, sixty—at every movement of the bowels. Large doses will produce no injury while the diarrhoea lasts. When that is checked, then is the time for caution. I have never seen a case of diarrhoea taken in season, which was not thus controlled, but some cases of advanced diarrhoea, and especially a relapse, paid no heed to it whatever. As soon as this becomes apparent I have always resorted to this course: Prepare a teaspoon of starch boiled as for use in starching linen, and stir into it a teaspoonful of laudanum for an injection. Give one-third at each movement of the bowels. In one desperate case, abandoned as hopeless by a physician, I could not stop the diarrhoea until the seventh injection, which contained nearly a teaspoonful of laudanum. The patient recovered, and is in perfect health.

At the same time I used prepared chalk in ten-grain doses, with a few drops of laudanum and camphor to each. But whatever course is pursued, it must be followed up or the patient is lost.

2. Mustard Poultices.—These should be applied to the pit of the stomach and kept on till the surface is well reddened.

3. The patient, however well he may feel, should rigidly observe perfect rest. To lie quietly on the back is one half of the battle. In that position the enemy fires over you, but the moment you rise you are hit.

When attack comes in the form of a diarrhoea, these directions will enable every one to meet it successfully.

4. But when the attack is more violent, and there is vomiting, or vomiting and purging, perhaps also cramps and colic pains, the following mixture is far more effective, and should always be resorted to. The missionaries, Messrs. Long, Trowbridge and Washburne, have used it in very many cases, and with wonderful success. It consists of equal parts of ginger, and tincture of cardamom seeds. Dose, thirty to forty drops, or a half teaspoonful in a little water, and to be increased according to the urgency of the case. In case the first dose should be rejected, the second, which should stand ready, should be given immediately after the spasm or vomiting has ceased. During the late siege, no one of us failed of controlling the vomiting, and also the purging, by, at most, the third dose. We have, however, made use of large mustard poultices, of strong, pure mustard, applied to the stomach, bowels, calves of the legs, feet &c., as the case seemed to require.

TREATMENT OF COLLAPSE.

Collapse.—This is simply a more advanced stage of the disease. It indicates the gradual falling off of all the powers of life. It is difficult to say when a case becomes hopeless. At a certain point the body of the patient begins to emit a peculiar odor, which I call the death odor, for when that has become decided and unmistakable, I have never known the patient to recover. I have repeatedly worked on such cases for hours, with no permanent result. But the blue color, the cold extremities, the deeply sunken eye, the vanishing pulse, are no signs that the case is hopeless. Scores of such cases in the recent epidemic have recovered. In addition to the second mixture, brandy (a teaspoonful every half hour), bottles of hot water, surrounding the patient, especially the extremities, sinapisms, and friction, will often, in an hour or two, work wonders.

Third.—In these, and in all advanced cases, thirst creates intense suffering. The sufferer craves water, and as soon as he gratifies the craving, the worst symptoms return, and he falls a victim to the transient gratification. The only safe way is to have a faithful friend or attendant who will not heed his entreaties. The suffering may be, however, safely alleviated and rendered endurable. Frequent gargling of the throat and washing out of the mouth will bring some relief. A spoonful of gum arabic water or of camomile tea may frequently be given to wet the throat. Lyndham's White Decoction may also be given, both as a beverage and nourishment, in small quantities, frequently. In a day or two the suffering from thirst will cease. In a large majority of cases it has not been intense for more than twenty-four hours.

Diet.—Rice-water, arrowroot, Lyndham's White Decoction, crust water, camomile tea are the best articles for a day or two after the attack is controlled.—Camomile is very valuable in restoring the tone of the stomach.

The Typhoid Fever.—A typhoid state for a few days will follow all severe cases. There is nothing alarming in this. It has very rarely proved fatal. Patience and careful nursing will bring it all right. The greatest danger is from drinking too freely. When the patient

seemed to be sinking, a little brandy and water, or arrowroot and brandy have revived him. In this terrible visitation of cholera, we have considered ourselves perfectly armed and equipped, with a hand-bag containing mixture No. 1, mixture No. 2 (for vomiting, &c.), a few pounds of powdered camomile, a bottle of brandy, a pipe of camomile flowers, and a paper of gum arabic.

From the Pittsburgh Courier.

ORIGIN OF FOGS.

The very common but mistaken idea, that the fog which we see of an evening hanging over the low meadows, and by sides of streams, arises very naturally from our first observing it in low places, and as the cool of the evening advances, remarking that it ascends to higher land; the fact is however, not that the damp is ascending, but that from the coldness of those situations they are the first places which condense the before invisible vapor, and as the cold of the evening advances the condensation takes place at a higher level. A large portion of the vapor ascends to the upper region of the atmosphere where it cools and becomes visible to us in the form of clouds; and increasing in density, by cooling, they gradually nearer the earth until, at last, becoming too condensed by the loss of heat, they fall in rain to be again returned in endless succession.

CORK.

Many persons see cork used daily without knowing whence comes that useful material.

Corks are cut from large slabs of the bark of the cork tree, a species of oak which grows wild in the countries South of Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about fifteen years old, but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years, the quality of the bark continuing to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights in order to keep it straight.—Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can be compressed, and its elasticity are properties so peculiar to this substance, that efficient substitute for it is not yet discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stoppers, the ancients mostly used cement for the stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork which being spread on the inside with resinous substance preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times cork was not generally used for stoppers to bottles till about the close of the seventeenth century, wax being used till then for that purpose.

The cork imported into Great Britain and the United States is brought principally from Spain, Italy and Portugal. The quantity consumed is upwards of 800 tons.

FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

The first newspaper printed in the United States was called *The Boston News Letter* and was issued in 1704, by John Campbell, a Scotchman, who was postmaster and bookseller at Boston, Massachusetts. Sometimes it had one advertisement and often none. After fourteen years, when three hundred copies were sold, the publisher announced that his weekly half sheet being insufficient to keep up with the foreign news, he should issue an extra sheet each fortnight; which expedient he announced after a year has enabled the *News Letter* to retrieve eight months of the thirteen that it was behind in the news from Europe; so that those who would hold on five months, might expect to have all the arrangements of intelligence from the old world, "needful for to be known in these parts." After sixteen years the publisher gave notice that copies of the *News Letter* would be printed on a whole sheet of writing paper, one-half of which would be blank on which letters might be written.

Such was the infancy of newspaper enterprise in this country.

An Alabama lawyer, defending a murderer, spoke for nineteen consecutive hours, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty in seven minutes. They probably did it to revenge themselves for the torture they had endured. Loquacious attorneys should limit their tongues before they reach the limit of human patience.

POLITICIANS who take pleasure in referring to past political records are not such as won the honors of office in whiskey saloons, and protected the traffic by their votes.

The census report credits Kentucky with the production of 140,000 gallons of the delicious sirup known as maple molasses.

Good citizens, prosperous men, kind friends, loving sons, devoted husbands, happy fathers and Christian soldiers, are not made of young men or boys, who sit around drinking saloons.

THE JUDGMENT.

BY A. FOGLE.

A little wisdom, now and then, keeps out of unexpected men.—Shakespeare.

Two men, and the sun in bright splendor arose.

For the last time disturbing kind nature's repose.

And driving before him the legions of night—Clothed each in the glittering mantle of light.

The birds sang as sweetly, the wind breathed as free,

The stream rippled on—gay as ever its flow; And man, of emotion, the rightly crowned lord,

Still ceased not his scheming. The glittering sword

Hung dangling at ease, or uplifted in fight, To struggle for wrong, or to battle for right.

The farmer rejoiced, seethed his grain—He saw, but the harvest comes never again!

The miser is counting, in gluttonous greed; The hoard he has gathered from poverty's need—

Unconscious his treasure must soon pass away And leave him alone in that mystical day.

Up from the hell-pits—the dark dens of vice, Where virtue is bought—dishonor the price! Comes up the low laugh of sensuous mirth

From the fiends incarnate of a sin-cursed earth; Sin on! the dark day of vengeance is come; Sin on! the Almighty has written your doom.

Too long you have waited repentance deferred Till now 'tis too late. Hear Justice's word: "Let him that is good, be good, is my will, And he that is filthy, be filthy still!"

In his closet, the Christian is kneeling this morn;

On the plains of faith his petition is borne, Far up to the skies, to the father of love, "May thy Kingdom, Lord, in its fullness, soon come."

"Till thy will on earth, as in Heaven, is done; Forgive me my sins, as I others forgive; Of teach me to die—instruct me to live!"

Ah! see at you altar a gaily-dressed throng; Hear the spirit of gladness borne out in their song:

Hush! There in the beauty and bloom of her life, Stands the fair young bride who will ne'er be a wife.

Ah! that is that sound that now falls on the ear—

Like the peal of the thunder when the storm-cloud is near?

Tis the angel of God! Hear the dreadful command: "Delay is no longer; the time is at hand In which all ye nations receive a reward Of the works ye have done, at the hands of the Lord;

Come forth slumbering trillions!" And quickly up rose

An innumerable host from their deathly repose. O, what a gathering there was that day, From East, North, South, West, and every way;

And earth was so crowded for want of room, She had to call in the help of the moon.

See! the Judge has descended, and taken his seat; And earth's motley millions are bowed at his feet.

The Angel of Mercy, his mission o'er, Is banished from earth to pity no more;

While Justice, his sword of avenging held high, Descends in wrath from the hot, melting sky.

And the Book that contained the doom of each man, Foretold and written before earth began, Forthfrom His breast, And all things prepared—Even the pious old deacons seemed woefully scared—

"John Smith," says the Lord, "I see you're in luck."

"You're one of the elect that's writ in this book."

And quickly to Heaven there started a train Of a million or two that answered that name. But alas! like the air-castle building loon, They counted their chickens a moment too soon:

For out of this almost innumerable host Just twenty were saved—and the others were lost.

Now on toward eve, when the day was most through, To be yet judged there remained only two.

Then up spoke the Lord, "To make the elect There lacketh but one, as I do not respect The person of any, I will save the one Who on earth the worst deed has done."

Then up stepped the richer, and haughtily spoke, As he folded around him his soft ermine cloak: "I've lived a good life; the hungry I've fed, And oft have I pillowed some weary one's head;

I've soothed the mourner, assisted the weak, Rebuked the haughty, encouraged the meek; The naked I've clothed, and ne'er from my side, The sorrowful look of victor's pride.

The poor man approached, and knelt where his plea, No penitent mortal ever knelt in vain, And feebly said: "I did all I could do—I took my home paper and paid for it too!"—"Enough," cried the master, "receive your reward."

Come sit at the side of your Father and Lord. But you, haughty man! to the regions of night! Quick! Quickly! depart, add wings to your flight!"

GOOD TEMPLAR'S COLUMN.

Voices of Lincoln County!

In pursuance of an act of the last Legislature, you will be called upon at the August election to express, by your vote, whether you are in favor of tipping houses, dram drinking, and their attendant evils, or against them. The Legislature has given you the right, by your vote, to abate these evils, or sanction and perpetuate them. A more important question you were never called upon to determine. There are no political elements so called, involved in this question. It is a question, however, that does vitally affect every social, commercial and moral interest of society, hence no one can afford to be indifferent of the results.

We will assume, in the discussion of this whiskey question, that man, and therefore, civil society, has "inalienable rights," and among these are the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; or, in brief—society has a right to live. In the light of these self-evident truths, we make the following solemn indictments, against the retail of whiskey:

1. We charge that all persons engaged in such business are a total loss to the productive forces of society. There are no returns to the several industrial elements of civil government for all the money and patronage the whiskey business absorbs. It can never be shown wherein one single business, calling or profession, which is productive of any good, has ever been or can ever be benefited by the retail of ardent spirits. But if this were all, then the law might tolerate the evil, on the ground of charity, and license those only to retail whiskey, and thereby derive a support, who were physically incapable of pursuing a productive calling. Such however, is far from true.

2. It is further charged that the retail of ardent spirits inflicts a positive injury upon every productive and legitimate business. Now for the proof.—Make a witness of your merchant. He testifies that his annual losses amount to a given per cent. on sales made to young men and others, of intemperate habits, which loss is traceable to intemperance, and intemperance is but the fruitage of the law that licenses tipping shops. The merchant then virtually pays out a certain per cent. of his sales to support the whiskey trade. Every merchant knows these are facts, and everybody knows that society has no right to inflict such an evil upon one of its own vital elements of prosperity. Is not this the unpleasant experience of every merchant in Lincoln county? Let them not accept a burden they have no right to bear, and sustain a law that compels them to suffer a perpetual loss. The same or a similar loss is sustained by your family physician; by the lawyer, the farmer, the mechanic, and every other vocation. And that no advantage in the argument may be taken of the whiskey trade, we will introduce the bar-keeper himself as an interested witness! This we cheerfully do for truth can afford to be generous. Is he liable to losses in running his business? Has he full confidence in the promptness of his customers to pay off their accounts? Or would he very greatly prefer to do a cash business—and why? Does he ever refuse credit—and why? Have the habits formed over his glasses deprived his best customers of their ability to pay? Or does he question their moral integrity? Does he believe his customers to have been benefited? If so, why does he feel in his heart, the more frequently his customer patronizes his bar, a growing unwillingness to trust him for his drinks?

The fact is patent. Tipping houses are liable to losses similar to those of productive employments, but the marked difference between them lies in this: The retailer of whiskey has reflected his customer from solvency to insolvency, from credit to discredit, from ability to inability to pay, and this inability, brought about by the whiskey business, extends over to the farmer, the merchant, and every other legitimate calling, so that they are made to lose a certain per cent. at the hands of the whiskey trade. Let there be no law then, tolerating a business that necessarily inflicts an injury upon every other, and the worst of all injuries upon its own customers!

But what words can paint the injuries inflicted upon the many heart of a father, as he beholds his son drawn into these haunts of vice!—or what tongue can tell of a loving mother's grief, as she is compelled to hear, in silent despair, of the waywardness of her child, and the life of wretchedness to which the sin of intemperance must lead him? Must all the sweet peace and solace of human life be wrung from parental hearts, under the false plea of human rights?

The retail of whiskey inflicts every law of God, and every right and interest of man.

W. L. W.

Christians who obey the law of abstinence from every appearance of evil and honor their profession, are not such as

DEPPEN'S CLOTHING HOUSE.

Corner Fourth and Market Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.
CLOTHING DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.
FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT on First Floor.

Four Cutters in the Custom Department.
Special Attention Paid to Orders from the Country.

admit a bottle to their sideboards or drink as a beverage intoxicating liquor, however moderately.

Mothers who die without a thorn in the pillow of death, are not those who gave sanction to the use of ardent spirits among their children.

A young lawyer recently offered a resolution in a Sunday-school—"That a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath-school."

A BRIDAL WINE CUP.
A True Story.

"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the bridal wreath trembled on her pure white brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter, "the company expects it. Do not seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own house act as you please, but in mine, for this occasion, please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Harvey had been a convivialist but of late his friends had noticed a change in his manners—a difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sincerely said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, he held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back she gracefully accepted the crystal bumper and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every eye was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixingly regarding it as though it was some hideous viper.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "Wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description. And yet listen—I will point it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around, a river runs through, and bright bowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks in vain to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motions of the birds. But there a group of Indians gather; they float to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek how deadly pale! his eyes wild with fearful fits of fever! One friend stands beside him—may I, should say kneels; for he is pillowing that poor head upon his heart."

"Genius in ruins! Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name! See him twice his fingers together as he shakes for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his native land."

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell overpowered upon his seat. "See his arms are lifted to Heaven; he prays now wildly for mercy! He never rushes through his veins! The friend beside him is weeping. Awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in the princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lips and tears stealing to the outward edges of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass with its little troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distant; she fixed her sorrowful glance on the wine cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not,—his eyes are set in the sockets—dim are their piercing glances—in vain his friend whispers the name of his father and sister. Death is there—death, and no gentle voice to bless and to soothe him! His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly. So vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspiring her manner that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a shroud they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister, and he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother—a victim to this deadly poison!"

"Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, and in a smothered voice he faltered, "No, no, my child, in God's name, no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a fearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it was prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, turned to the company, saying:

"Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril myself for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve. God helping me, never to touch that terrible poison! And he to whom I have just given my hand, who watched over the dying form of my brother, in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river, in the land of gold, I will trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not my husband?"

His glittering eye, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer.

"The Judge left the room, and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely home."

Those who were present at the wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Very many of the party from that hour forewore the social glass.

DURING a certain portion of the year, from some unexplained causes, dogs are liable to go mad and die from hydrophobia. This hydrophobic season may be said to run from the middle of May to the first of October. It has now fairly commenced, and from different sections of the country isolated cases of hydrophobia are now being reported. The liability to be bitten by a mad dog which is incurred by almost every one at this time of the year, and the painful and horrible symptoms invariably attendant upon death in this form, make the subject one of general interest. The thought of hydrophobia gives every one a feeling of horror, and very little sympathy is shown for dogs in hydrophobic seasons. Consequently there are many dogs destroyed supposed to be mad which are not so. Yet it is well to exercise such diligence. We have time and again published supposed remedies for hydrophobia, and herewith we give another, furnished us by "Dr." Milton Wasson, of this county. It is this: When a person is bitten, saturate a rag well with cold water, then put on salt, and then apply the rag to the wound—always keeping the rag wet. Drink at the same time two glasses of sweetened vinegar until the wound is thoroughly healed. If necessary, the vinegar can be weakened by water. There may be efficacy in this prescription.—*Carlisle Mercury.*

An exchange says it is about time to warble thus:

Mary had a little lamb,
It got right on its muscle,
She took the wool from off its back
And stuffed it in her bustle.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours.

Geo. D. Wearen & Co.

Groceries, Provisions, Salt,

Produce, Field Seeds,

Garden Seeds, BOOTS and SHOES,

Glassware, Tinware, Hats, Notions, etc.,

Main Street, STANFORD, KY.

100 Barrels
White Wheat Flour,

Just Received by
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

20,000 lbs BACON,

For Sale in Quantities to Suit Purchasers.
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

2,000 lbs Choice Lard
In Store and for sale by
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

25
Bbls Prime N.O. Sugar

At Exceptionally Low Prices.
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

FRUIT JARS!!
—OF ALL—

Kinds, Sizes & Prices,
—AT—
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO'S.

The Largest Lot
—OF—
Pocket & Table Cutlery

Handsome and Substantial, at
GEO. D. WEAREN & CO'S.

WANTED
WOOL and BACON!

For which we are prepared to pay the very
Highest Market Price,
In Cash or Merchandise.

In addition to our large stock of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, SALT, and other Family Supplies, we have added to our stock a large variety of

Domestic Goods,<

FROM RUSSELL COUNTY.

JAMES TOWN, KY., JUNE 28th, 1873.

It has been rainy here for the last

few days and nights, except a few brief

intervals, and consequently a great

amount of the corn crop is seriously in-

jured, and a portion totally ruined. We

however have a prospect in another di-

rection that gives us relief, to-wit: that

of a white-oak mast, which we consider

equivalent to a half crop. If our county

and people were half as sorry as a few out-

siders would have had the world to be-

lieve, we long since would have gone to

annihilation. But instead of that being

true, your correspondent is fully persuaded

that we are not only in the Garden Spot

of Kentucky, but in the Garden of the

World. We can raise almost everything

to eat in our county that human appetite

desires; and upon every hill and valley

we have pure gushing springs of the

coldest water that ever broke forth from

any fountain.

Our people enjoy the finest health in-

imaginable, and even the aged and feeble

who come from other parts and locate

with us, after being kissed by the moun-

tain breezes a few months, are renewed

and invigorated.

Elder R. A. Hopper, of Lebanon,

Ky., has delivered a series of interesting

sermons at this place during the past

week, and received five additions.

Our church at this place is much di-

lapidated, in consequence of which the

court-house has been substituted therefor

for sometime past. But yesterday morn-

ing Hon. Joseph E. Hays drew up an

article for subscription to build a new one,

the first column which was started by

Hon. B. S. McClure, our former repre-

sentative, with \$100.00, which was fol-

lowed by other liberal amounts by the

greater portion of our citizens, which soon

aggregated \$1,000 or near that amount.

We have assurance that many of the

citizens in the county will co-operate

with us in swelling the amount to \$3,000,

which will build a respectable church

for our town.

The INTERIOR JOURNAL is read with

much interest here. More anon.

C. R. T.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Presbyterians in the United States

average ninety-eight communicants to a

church.

A young Hindoo has just entered the

Methodist Theological School at Boston,

with the purpose of qualifying himself

for missionary work among his native

people.

Archbishop Manning literally forbids

his dioceses to solemnize a mar-

riage between persons who contemplate

a repetition of the ceremony in a Pro-

testant church.

A prominent religious paper concludes,

in the light of modern practices, that

the surest means of getting dead-headed

through to paradise on a special train, is

to kill somebody.

Unitarianism, it is said, is not as strong

in New York as it was twenty years ago.

Mr. Frothingham's fine brown-stone front

church has been sold and he now preaches

in a hall.

The Rev. Father Raphael Ballerini, a

distinguished writer for Catholic period-

icals, has been arrested by order of the

Italian Government, in conformity with

a request of Bismarck.

Ministers in Covington, Indiana, who

love obscurity rather than print, because

their sermons are evil, procure the arrest

of reporters detailed to take their dis-

courses, for "disturbing religious meet-

ings."

Six hundred christian people are said

to be still in prison in Japan. Many of

them are Jesuits, who, for political rea-

sons—not religious—have been put in

confinement. Their liberation will soon

be effected by governmental action.

The Rev. Dr. Imbrie, in the *Presby-**terian Quarterly* for April, comes to the

conclusion that the Savior died of rup-

ture of the heart, induced by mental ag-

have retired from the work, and many

of the younger have left for the more

inviting fields in England.

A few Sundays since a Lutheran min-

ister, in Farmerville, Montgomery coun-

ty, Ohio, went to church, and, after

opening the services in the usual way,

read for his text, "The laborer is worthy

of his hire," and pronounced the ben-

ediction. The congregation had omitted

to pay him his salary.

Methodism was planned about thirty-

five years ago in Worcester, Massachu-

setts, by Rev. George Pickering, who

gathered a few hearers in a hall for re-

ligious services. Now they have four

self-sustaining churches with good houses

for worship, and a fifth church has just

been organized and an edifice is in pro-

gress of construction.

At the Wyoming Annual Conference

of the Methodist Church, at Waverly,

in New York, the Committee on Tem-

perance reported a resolution declaring

the habitual use of tobacco to be a sin

and a shame. Some of the brethren

who used the weed had no objection to

its being called a shame, but protest-

ed against its being denounced as a sin,

and after a warm discussion it was re-

ferred back to the committee for amend-

ment. The committee then reported a

resolution to the effect that "the habit

of using tobacco by the ministry is whol-

ly and necessarily intolerable and inex-

cusable." This brought out one of the

clergy, who moved to strike out the

word "ministry," as he insisted "we've

as good a right to use tobacco as any

living men." So finally, the Confer-

ence resolved that it gladly recognized

the fact that a most healthful sentiment

is prevailing with regard to the use of

tobacco, and recommended all to abstain

from the use of the same, and to discour-

te its use by all proper and legiti-

mate means. This leaves the laity at

liberty to chew and smoke, and only re-

commends the clergy to taper off.

About Sugar.

Brown sugar is simply pure sugar with

dirt and water in it. The cheapest su-

gar to buy is white, granulated sugar. It

is simply 99 per cent. pure sugar, while

brown sugar is only about 70 per cent.

sugar, 20 per cent. water, and 10 per

cent. dirt and salts. White refined soft

sugar is 93 per cent. sugar. I know some

old women brought up on brown sugar

who still stick to brown sugar, and call

it sweeter than white sugar, but they

simply dupe themselves. If you want

brown sugar, you can take a pound of

white sugar pour in some water, a hand-

ful of sewer dirt, lime or salt, and you

will have two pounds.

A Proxima minister, while thawing a

frozen wisp out the other day to see if

heat would reanimate it, was astonished

to find how hot the sharp end of the in-

sect became in a few seconds, and that

those who live next door to it thought

they heard a pious cry for "Helan

Blazes" by a man's voice.

A FIRE at Concord, N. H., Sunday

morning last destroyed Giffin's carriage

manufactory, the North church and

chapel, and several other buildings.

Loss \$30,000. Insurance \$15,000.

If you are a wise man you will treat

the world as the moon treats it—show it

only one side of yourself, seldom show

yourself too much at a time, and let

what you show be calm, cool and pol-

ished.

JNO. O. MCALISTER,

DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic

DRY GOODS,

Notions,

Clothing,

Boots,

Shoes,

Hats,

Caps,

QUEENSWARE,

CARPETING, Etc.

Old Fellow's Building, North Side Main Street,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

A Large Stock of

Gent's Furnishing

GOODS.

STANFORD

CARRIAGE FACTORY,

WEST END STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

H. A. DENNIS, Proprietor.

I have prepared to build to order and will keep constantly on hand every

variety of VEHICLE in the CARRIAGE LINE and will sell them as

LOW as the same can be bought elsewhere.

Particular attention paid to the REPAIRING and REFITTING of all kinds

of vehicles.

Having secured the services of Mr. J. W. COOK, a No. 1 painter, I am deter-

mined to do good work in all the departments.

Mr. J. B. DENNIS will remain with me for the present, where he would be

glad to see his old friends and patrons. [61-62] D. F. BASH.

G. H. ENSSEL,

SOMERSET, KY.,

DEALER IN

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

JEWELRY,

The Greatest Variety of Notions,

Ribbons, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Tinware,

GLASSWARE and HARDWARE.

A Choice Lot of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY.

And in fact every article generally found in first-class Country Stores including

Family Groceries,

Of the best brands and qualities, which he proposes to sell at the LOWEST

CASH PRICES. Having extraordinary facilities and advantages over many

other merchants in obtaining Goods at LOW PRICES, he is enabled to sell for less

than any other house, and to pay the HIGHEST PRICES for produce, which he will

cheerfully do, feeling the greatest interest in encouraging and protecting the farmers

and their wives and daughters in home manufactures.

He will at all times of the year exchange Goods for the following articles:

FEATHERS, BEE-SWAX, TALLOW, BEANS, COTTON, FLAX-SEED, LARD, LINSEY, WOOL, BACON, MEAL, DRIED FRUIT, TOW LINEN, FLOUR, Etc., Etc.

Returning many thanks for past favors, I solicit a continuation of your patron-

age. [61-62] G. H. ENSSEL.

"I had more money than he had to

carry on the suit," said a very mean in-

dividual who had just won a lawsuit over

a poor neighbor, "and that's where I had

the advantage over him. Then I had

much better counsel than he, and there I

had the advantage of him. And his family

were so much better than his, that I had

the advantage of him again. But, then, Brown is a very decent sort of a

man after all." "Yes," said his listener,

"and there's where he has the advantage

of you."

A Boston paper tells a story of a pro-

fessional burglar of that vicinity who

took a pride in his vocation and recorded

the results of his nightly expeditions in

a volume, pagged and lettered after the

fashion of a merchant's journal.

SHAKESPEARE never would have asked,

"What's in a name?" if he had been hit

on the head with a brick.

HOW POOR THIS MAN LOOKS AND SPEAKS.

JNO. O. MCALISTER,

DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic

DRY GOODS,

Notions,

Clothing,

Boots,

Shoes,

Hats,

Caps,

QUEENSWARE,

CARPETING, Etc.

Old Fellow's Building, North Side Main Street,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

A Large Stock of

Gent's Furnishing

GOODS.

HAMBURG

Laces and Edgings.

The Patronage of the Public is

Respectfully Solicited. 46-47

WHEAT & CHESNEY.

[Successors to Terry, Wheat & Chesney.]

Wholesale Grocers

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents Franklin Cotton Mills.

No. 231 Main Street, bet. Sixth and Seventh,

Opposite Louisville Hotel, Louisville, Ky.

WM. CRAIG,

Formerly of Stanford, Kentucky,

— 1873 —

J. & L. SEASONGOOD & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS,

Furnishing Goods and Trimmings,

CLOTHING.

8 W. cor. 3d and Vine Sts. opp. Burns House,

CINCINNATI, OHIO,

— 1873 —

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

SEVERANCE, MILLER & CO.'S,

North Side Main Street, Stanford, Ky.

We have now in store one of the largest stocks of goods ever brought to Central

Kentucky. Our stock of

DRESS GOODS,

Japanese Silks, Japanese Poplins, Linen Suitings, White and Colored Peppes, etc.,

is unusually attractive. In Black and Colored Alpaca, all new and popular, we

are prepared to offer very decided advantages.

Domestic and White Goods.

Blenched and Brown Cottons, all widths and qualities; Table Linens, Towels,

Napkins, Marseilles Quilts, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Edgings, Hosiery, etc.

Carpetings,

Mattings, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Wall Paper, Window Shades, etc., in

great variety.

Furnishing Goods.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Collars, the most com-

plete assortment of Fashionable Boys, Neckties, etc., to be found in the city.

Boots and Shoes,

For Men, Boys, Women, Misses and Children, a large and complete stock.

Queensware,

China Tea Sets, Ironstone Sets, White and Gold-band China Sets, Glassware, etc.

Special Notice.